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TRAMPS AT THE DEPOTS. The Efforts of Peppless Rogues to Travel Without Tickets. Lunatics and Loafers Who Try the Patience of Officials--The Information and Lost Property Bureau.

Philadelphia Press. "I must go to New York. It is life or death with me," screamed a wild-eyed woman at the Broad Street station of the Pennsylvania railroad yesterday morning, forcing herself through the station master's office to the platform, and clutching all the keepers' Special Officer Miller, who can tell a mimic mile off, overtook her before she had reached the New York express train, and gently led her out of the building to the street.

"We have a good many cases like that," remarked the officer when he had returned to his post before the bureau of information. "People resort to all kinds of tricks to pass the gates and get on the trains. The woman I just took out is a mild crank, who has been hanging around the station for the past two days. At this season of the year the time of one or two officers is required to keep traps and roughs out of the depot. They frequently gather about the heaters in great numbers, and refuse to move till they are taken by the neck and pitched out. One man has turned up here at 7:15 regularly every morning for the past month. He stands before the stove for half an hour, and at 8 o'clock I always find him asleep in the same corner of the room. I lead him out after his nap. The next day he comes back, warns himself, goes to sleep, and after a little time, is again gravely carried to the door. He is a quiet, neat fellow, and I have not the heart to drive him out when he comes in shivering with the cold. Some of the worst characters in the city drop around to spend the night in the waiting room. We know them and lose no time in hustling them away. If they were allowed to remain they would bring out their wretched bodies in a filthy condition every time.

"Do you find anything else besides tramps lying around in the station?"

BABIES AS LOST PROPERTY. "Yes, it has not been long since a woman who came here to meet her husband who had been out west for nearly a year, left her two babies asleep in the waiting room while she went up to the car to greet him. She was so much taken up with him and his conversation that she got into a cab and was driven half way to her home, on North Fortieth street, before she remembered her offspring. She was then almost crazy with anxiety and humiliation. The driver got another dollar for putting on extra speed in returning. He made the trip in ten minutes. When the woman rushed into the waiting room she was crying, and her hair was disordered. Her husband, who was less concerned about the fate of the two youngsters, followed, frowning and reproving her. I think there was no happier woman in the city than that one when she found both children asleep where she left them. They had waked up once, but an officer got them some milk from the restaurant and quieted them, much to the amusement of all the other persons in the room.

"Who was the man that did the nursing?"

"Myself," said the officer, blushing. "If you want to know about other sorts of lost articles," he added, "ask my friend here at the bureau of information. I look after the lost human items only."

"There are a great many things left on the cars in the course of a year," replied the man whose success in getting more or less correct information to passengers. "Every train that comes in has on it some articles left on it by the owners. Everything of use or value found on cars on their way to the city, or after their arrival at the station, is turned over to me. I attach a tag on them and make an entry in a book, showing the date and the number of the train on which the articles were found."

"How do the owners recover their property?"

A DESPERATE DUEL. A Fight Between Brakeman on a Flying Train. Two Men Madly in Love With One Girl--A Battle from the Caboose to the Cow-catcher. Chicago Leader.

"I've got you at last. Now I'm going to kill you," shouted Brakeman Tom Brady, firing full in the face of his fellow brakeman, Frank Morrison. A freight train on the Denver & Rio Grande road was just pulling out of a side track station between Denver and Salt Lake and two brakemen and a passenger named Williams were the only occupants of the caboose. The words above quoted preceded a novel and thrilling encounter. After his arrival in Salt Lake, Williams related the particulars to a Pullman conductor, and last evening a reporter on the Leader learned the facts from that official.

The adventure occurred last Thursday, but as it has never appeared in print, it will no doubt interest the readers of the Leader. It seems that for three months both men, who are fine looking, dandy young fellows, have been waiting a young lady and had blood had been engendered. Worley was a man of frequent occurrence, and when they parted at the carmen's gate on Sunday night last each vowed to kill the other on sight. Brady's shot missed its intended mark, and Morrison, who is the larger and stronger of the two, grappled with his assailant.

A short sharp struggle took place and Brady fired again, this time hitting Morrison in the forehead, plowing a deep furrow through his face and causing his face to be covered with blood. The wounded man fell to the floor stunned, but immediately recovered, and, seizing the revolver, fired through the air, and then turned to try through the scuttle in the top of the caboose, fired, wounding Brady in the shoulder. Maddened with pain, and blinded with the unengaged fluid that covered his face, Morrison staggered to his feet and sprang up the ladder in pursuit. Brady had just reached the next car when Morrison climbed through the scuttle and fired again, but the bullet sped wide of its mark, and Brady continued his flight over the tops of the cars, followed by his avenging Nemesis, who still had one shot left in his revolver.

Brady stumbled and fell flat upon the roof, and Morrison reached him as he arose, but dropped his revolver, and clutched his antagonist by the throat. A fight ensued, and in a moment Morrison was on top of the running train. From side to side the men swayed in their death struggle, fighting, cursing, biting and gouging each other, until Morrison, with a supreme effort, raised his foot and threw him with all his might, falling backwards himself from his exertion, but Brady caught the brake wheel and saved himself from falling between the rails.

Regaining his feet he rushed toward the engine over the tops of the cars, jumped down on a flat car and clambered up on top of the next box car, still followed by Morrison. By this time the engineer and conductor noticed the men running toward the tender, and the former shut off his steam, thinking something might be wrong. Brady leaped upon the tender, dashed into the caboose, through the window and out upon the footboard alongside the boiler. Morrison followed, hurling a lump of coal as he sprang through the window. The men again grappled on the footboard and hand again, another each one striving to hurl the other to the ground.

Thus they fought their way out upon the cowcatcher. The engineer reversed his lever and brought the train to a standstill, but not before the madmen had rolled off the cowcatcher into a ditch beside the track, where the both lay as dead. They were picked up and put to bed on board the caboose and their wounds attended to. The authorities were not informed of the fight, and as both will recover it is probable that neither will be arrested. They were taken to private rooms at Salt Lake and when the conductor left Salt Lake both men were in a fair way to recover, although Morrison will carry a scar on his forehead as a souvenir of his desperate battle.

A FAMOUS LITIGATION. Suits Between Two Milwaukeeans That Lasted Thirty Years. Nashville American. There has just died in Milwaukee a remarkable character named John J. Orton. He was a lawyer of great ability, and his life was a record of success. He was named as though he had no friends. With an exterior as rough and hard as the rocks he was nevertheless kind hearted and sympathetic, and his good deeds were numerous. He seemed to take delight in exposing the rough corners of his nature to public contact, and never appeared to care for the good or ill opinion of his neighbors. While justly celebrated as a lawyer, Mr. Orton gained great notoriety as a litigant. He was a party to one of the fiercest legal battles ever fought in the United States, and the history of that conflict will be remembered long after his more legal reputation has been forgotten. In 1851 Mr. Orton came into the possession of a water power on the Milwaukee river, and at the same time Josiah A. Noonan became the owner of a paper mill near by. Noonan was very much the same kind of a man as Orton. He was of violent temper and great pertinacity and had a disposition which fitted him a good deal better for a fight than for anything else. The previous owners of the paper mill had made contracts with the previous owners of the water power for a given number of years. Over the fulfillment of these agreements Orton and Noonan had a falling out right away, and after they had vainly endeavored to make each other come to terms, Noonan began fifteen suits against Orton in one day for breach of contract, trespass, etc. Orton responded by having Noonan arrested for forgery, libel and false pretenses, and then entered ten or twelve civil suits against him for damages. All this was done in a few days. Everybody was laughing over it, knowing the character of the two men, but no one supposed that the fight between them would last more than a generation.

Both of the litigants employed the best lawyers in the state and as time wore on and suit followed suit, almost every lawyer of prominence in Wisconsin was engaged on one side or the other. The various cases were tried and retried, argued and reversed, and settled. If by chance one man got the worst of it in one particular case, he would immediately begin another case of some kind, perhaps half a dozen of them. Thus matters dragged along for twenty years, the litigation lumbering up all the courts and the state. Noonan was a man of property when the suit began, and for a good many years thereafter he made money rapidly, but after awhile the expenses of his lawsuits became enormous. He was too proud and too stubborn to yield, and turning all his revenues into the hands of his numerous attorneys he pressed on. About ten years ago, when he had become very nearly involved, it was thought that a settlement could be arranged, but Matt H. Carpenter, in a casual conversation with Noonan, held out a faint hope that he might yet beat Orton and the main suits were thereafter pressed with the greatest vigor.

Noonan and Orton were now old men. A generation had come on the stage which could not remember a time when the court dockets did not contain four or five entries of "Orton vs Noonan," or "Noonan vs Orton." Noonan was a bankrupt and a man who from having been at one time the democratic Warwick of the Northwest had become simply a respectable old chap when nobody paid much attention to him. Orton rarely paid his law bills and had something of an income, but his peculiarities were marked. Finally in 1880 some of the main suits went against Noonan, and the old man having no more money let the others go. During the thirty years of litigation he had begun more than 100 suits, and had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. He was now a physical and financial wreck. He went to Washington and secured some political employment in the departments of some republican who had known him as the friend of Marey, Jackson, Van Buren and Buchanan. There he failed gradually, and finally showing signs of a brain trouble he was taken home to die. He passed away as quietly in 1882 as though his life had been one of peace instead of evil-doing.

When Orton heard of his old antagonist's death he wrung his hands and exclaimed: "Impossible! impossible! What shall I do? They are all going! All going. My occupation is gone." The old man lingered until this week, maintaining with great persistency his outward appearance of ugliness, but showing to his more intimate friends a kindly spirit. In speaking of Noonan a few days before his death, he said: "He was a brave fighter, but he tried to rob me, I—him, and I beat him." About the last words of poor old Noonan related to Orton were to the same effect. "A G—d—scoundrel, sir," said Noonan referring to the man whom he had fought for thirty years.

Aches and pains are all cured readily by the outward application of St. Jacobs Oil. NAMES OF NATIONS. The Derivations of the Names of the Principal European Countries. Galignani's Messenger.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Erin, or the country of the west. Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was a mountainous country—forests and lands.

Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the River Douro, called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto or Oporto. And when the country was recovered from the Moors, the inhabitants combined the words and called it the kingdom of Petrucale—hence Portugal. Spain, the ancient Iberia, from the Iberian or Hispania, from the Phœnician Spanka, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence Spain.

France, from the Franks, a people of Germany, who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul, or Galia, Baschatta, the latter signifying striped trowsers, which were worn by the natives. Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, was so named by the Austrians, who called the tribesmen of these mountainous count as Schweitzer.

Italy received its present name from a renowned prince called Iulius. It was called Hesperia, from its western locality. Holland, the ancient Batav, a warlike people, was so named from the German word bogh, the English of which is "holow," implying a very low country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German deutsch or teutsch. Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandinavia, which the modern Scandinavians think means a country and woods, which have been burned or destroyed. The population of Sweden is derived from Sintuna or Suthed, the native term Norway, or the northern way, explaining itself.

Prussia, from Prenzal, a Slavonic name for some writers suppose it took its name from Russia, and the Slavonic syllable po, which means adjacent or near. Denmark means the marches, territories or boundaries of the Danes. Russia is the ancient Samaria, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derives its present name from Russ, a Slavonic tribe who founded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies, in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in the mountains and their chariots were their only habitations. Turkey took its name from the Turks or Tarcoons, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, Orhman, one of their principal leaders.

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